

The Critic

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Published weekly, at Nos. 18 & 20 Astor Place, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 2, 1886.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at *The Critic* office, 18 and 20 Astor Place. Also, by Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, E. P. Dutton & Co., Brentano Bros., and the principal news-dealers in the city. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. (Old Corner Book-store). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Washington: Brentano Brothers. Chicago: Brentano Bros. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. San Francisco: Strickland & Pierson. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli. Rome: Office of the *Nuova Antologia*.

Authors at Home. XXI.*

GEORGE W. CABLE IN NEW ORLEANS AND NORTHAMPTON.

FAR up in the 'garden district' of New Orleans stands a pretty cottage, painted in soft tones of olive and red. A strip of lawn bordered with flowers lies in front of it, and two immense orange trees, beautiful at all seasons of the year, form an arch above the steps that lead up to the piazza. Here Mr. Cable made his home for some years, and here were written 'The Grandissimes,' 'Madame Delphine' and 'Dr. Sevier.' Those who were fortunate enough to pass beyond its portals found the interior cosy and tasteful, without any attempt at display. The study was a room of many doors and windows, with low bookcases lining the walls, and adorned with pictures in oil and water-colors by G. H. Clements, and in black and white by Joseph Pennell. The desk, around which hovered so many memories of Brascoupé, and Madame Delphine, and gentle Mary, was a square, old-fashioned piece of furniture, severely plain, but very roomy.

Neither was comfort neglected; for a hammock swung in the study, in which the author could rest, from time to time, from his labors. Mr. Cable's plan of work is unusually methodical, for his counting-room training has stood him in good stead. All his notes and references are carefully indexed and journalled, and so systematized that he can turn, without a moment's delay, to any authority he wishes to consult. In this respect, as in many others, he has not, perhaps, his equal among living authors. In making his notes, it is his usual custom to write in pencil on scraps of paper. These notes are next put into shape, still in pencil, and the third copy, intended for the press, is written in ink on note-paper—the chirography exceedingly neat, delicate and legible. He is always exact, and is untiring in his researches. The charge of anachronism has, several times, been laid at his door; but this is an accusation it would be difficult to prove. Before attempting to write upon any historical point, he gathers together all available data without reckoning time or trouble; and, under such conditions, nothing is more unlikely than that he should be guilty of error. Mr. Cable has a great capacity for work, and his earlier stories were written under the stress of unrelenting toil. Later, when he was able to emerge from business life and follow the profession of literature exclusively, he continued his labors in the church, and never allowed any engagement to interfere with his Sunday-school and Bible-classes. In his books, religion has the same place that it takes in a good man's life. Nothing is said or done for effect; neither is he ashamed to confess his faith before the world.

It is perhaps strange that Mr. Cable should have the true artistic, as well as the religious, temperament, since these two do not invariably go hand in hand. Music, painting and sculpture are full of charms for him, and he is an intuitive judge of what is best in art. His knowledge of music is far above the ordinary, and he has made a unique study of the usually elusive and baffling strains of different song-birds. He is such a many-sided man that he should never find a moment of the day hanging heavily upon his hands. The study of botany was a source of great pleasure to him, at one time; and he had, also, an aviary in which he took a deep interest.

Seemingly sedate, Mr. Cable is full of fun; and charming as he is in general society, a compliment may be paid him that cannot often be spoken truthfully of men of genius—namely, that he appears to the best advantage in his own home. His children are a merry little band of five girls and one boy, each evincing, young as they are, some distinctive talent. It is amusing to note their appreciation of 'father's fun,' and his playful speeches always give the signal for bursts of laughter. This spirit of humor, so potent 'to witch the heart out of things evil,' is either hereditary or contagious, for all of these little folks are ready of tongue. The friends whom Mr. Cable left behind him, in New Orleans, remember with regretful pleasure the delightful little receptions which have now become a thing of the past. Sometimes, at these gatherings, he would sing an old Scotch ballad, in his clear, sweet tenor voice, or one of those quaint Creole songs that he has since made famous on the lecture platform; or, again, he would read a selection from 'Dukesborough Tales'—one of his favorite humorous works. Nothing was stereotyped or conventional, for Mr. Cable is, in every aspect of life, a dangerous enemy of the commonplace. But the pleasant dwelling-place has passed into other hands; other voices echo through the rooms; and Mr. Cable has found a new home in a more invigorating climate.

The highway, leading from the town of Northampton, Mass., which one must follow in order to find Mr. Cable's house, has the aspect of a quiet country road, but is, in reality, one of the streets of the city, with underlying gas and water-pipes. It is studded with handsome dwellings, some of brick and stone, others of simple frame-work—each with velvet lawn shaded with spreading elms, and here and there a birch or pine. The romancer's house is the last at the edge of the town, on what is fitly named the Paradise Road. It is a red brick building of two stories and a half, with a vine-covered piazza; and the smooth-cut lawn slopes gently down to the street, separated only from the sidewalk by a stone coping. Above all things, one is conscious, on entering here, of a sense of comfort and home happiness. The furniture is simple but exceedingly tasteful, of light woods with little upholstery; and the visitor finds an abundance of easy chairs and settees of willow. The study is a delightful nook, opening by sliding doors from the parlor on one side and the hall on another. A handsome table of polished cherry, usually strewn with books and papers occupies the centre of the room, and, as in the old home, the walls are lined with book-shelves. A large easy chair, upon which the thoughtful wife insisted, when the room was being fitted up, affords a welcome resting-place to the weary author. Sometimes she lends her gentle presence to the spot, and sits there, with her quiet needle-work, while the story or lecture is in the course of preparation. One of the charms of this sanctum is the view from the two windows that extend nearly to the floor. From one may be described the blue and hazy line of the Hampshire hills, while from the other one sees Mt. Holyoke and Mt. Tom uprearing their stately heads to the sky. Sloping down from the carriage-drive, which passes it, lies Paradise—a stretch of woods bordering Mill River. No more appropriate name could be given it, for if magnificent trees, beautiful flowers, green-clad hill and dell, and winding waters, and above all, the perfect peace of nature, broken only by bird-notes, can

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make a paradise it is found in this corner of Northampton, itself the loveliest of New England towns. Mr. Cable confesses that this scene of enchantment is almost too distracting to the mind, and that, when deeply engaged in composition, he finds it necessary to draw the curtains.

If the days in Mr. Cable's home are delightful, the evenings are not less charming. After the merry tea, and the constitutional walk have been taken, the family gather in the sitting-room. Usually, two or three friends drop in; but if none come, the children are happy to draw closely around their father, while he plays old-time songs or Creole dances on his guitar. As he sings, one after another joins in, and finally the day is ended with a hymn and the evening worship. The hour is early, for the hard-working brain must have its full portion of rest. It is one of Mr. Cable's firm-rooted principles that the mind cannot do its best unless the body is well treated; and he gives careful attention to all rules of health. Apart from the brilliant fact of his genius, this is the secret of the evenness of his work. There is no feverish energy weakening into feverish lassitude; it moves on without haste, without rest. Mr. Cable well advised a young writer never to publish anything but his best; and it is this principle, doubtless, that has prevented him from thinking it necessary, as many English and American authors seem to fancy, to turn out a certain amount of printed matter every year. In addition to his literary labors, Mr. Cable is frequently absent from home on reading and lecture engagements, and great is the rejoicing of his family when they have him once more among them. Mr. Cable's place in literature is as unique as that of Hawthorne. He is distinctively and above all things an American. He has not found it necessary to cross the water in search of inspiration; and he is the only American author of any prominence whose turn of mind has never been influenced by the foreign classics.

What Bret Harte has done for the stern angularity of Western life, Mr. Cable has wrought, in infinitely finer and subtler lines, for his soft-featured and passionate native land. Those who come after him in delineation of Creole character can only be followers in his footsteps, for to him alone belongs the credit of striking this new vein, so rich in promise and fulfilment. An alien coming among them would be as one who speaks a different language. He would be impressed only by superficial peculiarities, and would chronicle them from this standpoint. But Mr. Cable knows this people to their heart's core; he is saturated with their individuality and traditions; to him their every inflection of voice, turn of the head, motion of the hands, is eloquent with meaning. Mr. Cable's work will endure because it is entirely wholesome, and full of that 'sanity of mind' which speaks with such a strenuous voice to the mass of mankind. The writer who appeals from a diseased imagination to an audience full of diseased and morbid tastes, must necessarily have a small *clientèle*; for there are comparatively few people, as balanced against the vast hordes of workers, who are so overburdened with the good things of this life that their jaded palates must always seek for some new sensation strong enough to blister them. The men and women who labor and endure, desire after their day of toil something that will cheer and refresh; and this will remain so as long as health predominates over disease.

The engraving in *The Century* of February, 1882, has made the reading public familiar with Mr. Cable's features; but there is lacking the lurking sparkle in the dark hazel eyes, and the curving of the lips into a peculiarly winning smile. In person, Mr. Cable is small and slight, with chestnut hair, beard and moustache; and there is a marked development of the forehead above the eyebrows, supposed, by believers in phrenology, to indicate unusual musical talent. On paper, it is hard to express the charm of his individuality, or the pleasure of listening to his sunny talk, with its quaint turns of thought and the felicitous phrases that spring spontaneously to his lips. Those who have been

impressed by the deep humanity that made it possible for him to write such a book as 'Dr. Sevier,' will find the man and the author one and indivisible. Nothing is forced, or uttered for the sake of making an impression; and the listener may be sure that Mr. Cable is saying what he thinks. The conscientiousness that enabled him to be a brave soldier and an untiring business man, runs through his whole life; and he has none of that moral cowardice which staves off an expression of opinion with a falsely pleasant word.

J. K. WETHERILL.

Reviews

A Very Romantic Young Lady.*

IT ADDS to the difficulty of pronouncing judgment on Mr. Grant's 'Romantic Young Lady,' that one cannot quite tell whether the author is in earnest about her. Just as one begins to enjoy it a little, as possibly an amusing burlesque of the old-fashioned commonplace and sentimental novel, there seem to be signs that Mr. Grant is wholly serious in the matter, and that he labors under the impression that he is creating a heroine. The young lady recites her own career; and it is very nearly incredible that any one should offer to an intelligent public in seriousness such a mixture as the uninteresting, unedifying, and undignified adventures and reflections of this consummately conceited feminine prig. The part of the book where Mr. Grant evidently intends burlesque—the part dealing with that point in his young woman's career when she gives up society and takes to culture—is really clever and amusing. The take-off of social fads in the Society for the Practice of Moderation, and the Economic System of Speech, and the æsthetic madman, is capital, and as a short sketch by itself, with the young woman left out entirely, would have been richly enjoyable. But the rest of it is really too feeble, though one enjoys to a certain extent the very extremity of its feebleness.

To begin with, the young woman is suddenly informed by her father, much to her surprise, that at his death he intends to leave her three millions; and that she may learn to prepare herself for it, he hands her over at the moment a hundred thousand dollars' worth of securities, for her to manage as she pleases, though he ventures to offer her 'newspapers and reports' as a guide. A lover soon appears—is it an intentional jest of Mr. Grant's that this dealer in wool is represented as coming to her 'in sheep's clothing?'—whom the father suspects of mercenary motives. The parties are staying at the beach, and the 'romantic young lady' starts to her feet, exclaiming: 'To show you, father, how free our love is from the base and paltry motives you impute, and that we do not need your help, see there!' She then rushes through the open window, and hurls the box of securities into the sea! It opens just before reaching the water, and the contents are submerged by the seething surf. We are not surprised that the lover gives her up. Who wouldnt have given her up? At the same time the hundred thousand dollars were given her, her father had also presented her with a superb necklace of the largest pearls. On the impulse of the moment, she flung her arms about his neck and kissed him; whereupon the old gentleman remarked, with melo-dramatic confidence: 'I believe you have in you the making of a noble woman, my dear.' Becky Sharp once commented on how easy it is to be good with five hundred a year; and it is probably possible for any young woman to wear a noble expression just after receiving a superb necklace of pearls. The lady's various flirtations and betrothals fill up a large part of the story. When her first lover—the wool-dealer in sheep's clothing, who wouldn't marry her after she threw a hundred thousand dollars into the sea—at last proposes, to her infinite relief, they part on the beach just after midnight; and the heroine, rushing to her aunt's room, and 'bursting into it,' as she herself expresses it, 'in great excitement,' exclaims: 'O Aunt Helen, I am engaged, I am engaged! I am so

* A Romantic Young Lady. By Robert Grant. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

happy!' All this, however, is as nothing compared to the final betrothal that actually ends in marriage. That part of her career must be left to the reader of the book, though we may briefly state that, having fallen in love with a glorious youth, she manages to become his secret benefactor, buys a disguise of cheap clothing (not sheep's clothing), and haunts the doorways of offices down town for a glimpse of him; narrowly escapes being arrested; and enters the young man's office as an assistant, with a *dénouement* which is past belief in its absurdity. But because the societies for moderation and economy in speech have really amused us with genuine wit, let us pass over the folly of the rest of the book, and assure the reader that, between the real wit and the folly, he will not be without entertainment in perusing this remarkable record.

Mr. William Winter's England.*

SHAKSPEARE ONCE WROTE:

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world!

And it is of *this* England, not particularly of Shakspeare's England, or the spots particularly connected with Shakspeare, that Mr. Winter so gracefully writes in the little volume before us. This volume is made up of his 'Trip to England' and 'English Rambles,' two volumes originally published at Boston, the first with beautiful illustrations by Joseph Jefferson. The present book is a revision and rearrangement of these two, now published in charming form, though without the illustrations, by David Douglas, of Edinburgh, who is giving to his favorite American authors a double immortality by republishing them in Britain. The tone of the book is appreciative to the last degree—almost too much so to be agreeable to a strictly American audience. Mr. Winter views England on bended knees: he is a 'sentimental traveller' of the first magnitude; he revels in the past and tells us little of the present; and his attitude is one of beatific and ecstatic admiration. Such a book cannot fail to do good, indeed—to counteract, for instance, the perpetual ill-natured gibes of *The Saturday Review* in its perpetual stricture on everything American; but it is a book more characteristic of one who has visited England late in life, and is overwhelmed by its rural beauty, architectural masterpieces and historic associations, than of one who has fresh, vigorous, independent, and wide-awake views of his own, not reflected from literary or historic monuments or from an attitude of excessive veneration for English antiquity. His book is one long drum-roll of eulogy, recalling the old-fashioned worship of England incarnate in Geoffrey Crayon and Mrs. Stowe's 'Sunny Memories.' It is the outgrowth of a sincere and kindly nature, frankly admiring and religiously recording what it sees. A drop of vinegar here and there would have relieved its sweetness.

Three Books on Digestion.†

'WHAT is one man's food is another man's poison' is the very appropriate motto selected by Dr. Fothergill for his 'Manual of Dietetics.' (1) No one should write a medical book who has not a thorough and practical knowledge of the subject. This Dr. Fothergill has, and how he attained it we give in his own language: 'The scientific aspect of food must be united in the bonds of holy matrimony with a practical knowledge of the cook's art, before a man can dis-

course learnedly of food. . . . I have been a judge at a food show, and ate some of all the exhibits; the palate being martyred to a great extent. I have tried most baby foods. I have held deep consultations with cooks and housewives; I have experimented with foods to ascertain the food-value in relation to cost for some articles; I have eaten every variety of tinned and preserved fruits. In fact, my personal experience extends over the whole known field—except a cod-liver oil emulsion. That is a *terra incognita* to my gustatory nerve fibrils.'

The author makes three grand divisions of food:—1. Carbo-hydrates. 2. Albuminoids. 3. Fat—with a small sub-class. 4. Salts. He describes many useful methods of preparing articles of food for daily consumption; the food best adapted to the several stages of life; and lastly, the kind of food most suitable for various diseases or pathological conditions, such as dyspepsia, gout, consumption, diabetes, heart diseases, obesity, etc. Dr. Fothergill has novel and original theories, the outcome of his own personal experience, which are quite at variance with the ordinary and hitherto accepted views. Chapter XXXII., on 'Food in Biliousness,' will serve as an illustration. In this affection, he advises abstinence from meats and albuminoid foods, and recommends a diet of fish, chicken, vegetables—milk puddings, biscuit and butter, etc. Dr. Fothergill is an acknowledged authority upon all the subjects on which he has written books, and his style somewhat resembles, and is quite as pleasing as, that of Sir Thomas Watson, in his famous treatise on 'The Practice of Medicine.' The 'Manual of Dietetics,' although written for the needs of the medical profession, may be studied with interest and profit by the general reader, to whom we cordially commend it.

'Disorders of Digestion' (2) consists of a series of miscellaneous medical papers published during the years extending from January, 1873, to October, 1885, and also of the Lettsomian Lectures, three in number, delivered by the author before the Medical Society of London, in January and February, 1885. Dr. Brunton describes the process of digestion from the absorption or assimilation of food to the excretion of the effete portions. He explains the nature of biliousness, the causes of the several forms of headache, and nervous disorders arising from imperfectly digested food. He speaks of the physiological effects of alcohol, as well as its uses and abuses. There is also an interesting paper on 'Poisons Formed from Food,' the result of chemical combinations from decomposition: he mentions the discovery of an alkaloid in cheese, by Dr. Vaughan of Detroit, which he named tyrotoxin. Dr. Vaughan has more recently detected the same alkaloid in ice-cream, which had caused serious illness to a large number of persons. This need not deter the lover of ice-cream from moderate indulgence, as it is not likely to form in a properly made mixture of pure materials. Dr. Brunton seems fully alive to the importance of good cooking, as one may judge from the following: 'Cookery has, I think, a perfect right to be ranked with music or painting, sculpture and architecture, as one of the fine arts. The difference between cookery and music or painting is, that while the objects which give rise to sight and sound remain outside the body, we are obliged to swallow the substances which excite sensations in our nerves of taste.' The Disorders of Digestion is a work of a thoroughly scientific character, which quite represents our present knowledge of the subjects treated, and is worthy of the distinguished author so favorably known on both sides of the Atlantic.

The author of 'Diseases of the Digestive Organs in Children' (3) has evidently had most extensive experience, and unusual facilities for gathering material for his book. Part I. is devoted to the 'Investigation of Disease,' and must be of inestimable value to the young and inexperienced physician. In Chap. I., Part II., Dr. Starr recommends daily applications of nitrate of silver in simple pharyngitis and follicular inflammation of the tonsils. In all cases of acute

* Shakspeare's England. By William Winter. 50 cents. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

† 1. A Manual of Dietetics. By J. Milner Fothergill, M.D. New York: William Wood & Co. 2. Disorders of Digestion. By T. Lander Brunton, M.D. \$2.50. New York: Macmillan & Co. 3. Diseases of the Digestive Organs in Children. By Louis Starr, M.D. \$2.50. Philadelphia: F. Blakiston, Son & Co.

sore-throat in children there is extreme sensitiveness of the parts, and the most amiable and docile child will resist every attempt to make applications to them. No matter how skilfully or lightly made, more or less prostration of strength always follows the struggling or resistance of the child; for this reason, physicians have long since abandoned local applications to the throats of infants, or very young children, in acute affections accompanied with febrile excitement. Nitrate of silver is regarded as an unduly harsh remedy in such cases; in this country, at least, the modern throat-specialist has almost discontinued its use. In quinsy, or suppurative inflammation of the tonsils, we are told that 'incision is rarely advisable.' In the reviewer's experience, the patient may be saved hours—sometimes several days—of suffering, by freely incising the tonsil, or tonsils, as the case may be. We have even known this treatment to abort an attack of quinsy. We cannot agree with the author that chronic enlargement of the tonsils will disappear 'when puberty is passed.' We were under the impression that the 'expectant' plan of treatment, for these obviously surgical cases, had given way for the simple but radical operation for their cure. If we wait in these cases for puberty to bring about a cure, habitual mouth-breathing will surely be acquired, and the patient will suffer from all its attendant evils. The reviewer's practice has always been to excise the tonsils at an early age of the patient, and we believe nearly all who have had much experience in the treatment of nose and throat diseases hold the same view. In cases of excessive hypertrophy of the tonsils, sufficient to cause grave dyspnoea and threaten life, the author recommends tracheotomy. Would it not be more sensible to remove the tonsils, the cause of the dyspnoea, rather than relieve the symptom by tracheotomy, which of itself frequently endangers life? In Part III, most useful information is given concerning the 'General Management of Children,' which may be read with advantage by all having the care or control of infants, or very young children.

Recent Fiction.

THE STORY which gives the title of 'A White Heron' to Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's new book (Houghton Mifflin & Co.) reminds one curiously, in its grace and refinement, its beauty of rhythm and its poetic subject, of Mrs. Browning's little Ellie with her 'swan's nest among the reeds;' and the fact that the climax is quite different from little Ellie's, only adds to the charm of it. Miss Jewett has always written well, but she is beginning to write better. Her work shows quiet, conscientious growth; she is beginning to interfuse her descriptive work with a warm human glow of emotion, to mingle strong feeling with calm expression of its results. 'The White Heron' is not a realistic story; but if it gives us a higher standard even in such minor matters as not betraying a bird's secret, let us remember Vernon Lee's ideal of fiction as that which artificially increases those moments of life when our meaner part is in abeyance, our better in the ascendancy. Miss Jewett's earlier work was a little cold, and to some of us a little dull at times; but there is nothing cold about the 'White Heron,' though it is gratefully cool in its quiet purity. And if there is nothing cold in 'The White Heron,' there is certainly nothing dull in 'The Dulham Ladies,' except the first syllable of the town in which they lived; for this second sketch is full of a gentle humor that may not make you burst into hilarious laughter when you read it, but will keep you smiling half a day. Altogether this new book is very far the best of Miss Jewett's work; and it is a pleasure to see it enshrined between Mrs. Whitman's dainty covers.

IT WOULD hardly be fair to dismiss Vernon Lee's sketch of 'A Phantom Lover' (Roberts Brothers) with the verdict, 'interesting, but fantastic,' since the author frankly describes it on her title-page as 'a fantastic story.' The little plot of two centuries ago is original in one of its phases; and as its influence is supposed to be repeated in the present century, it may be called a romantic contribution to the literature of Theosophy, of which so much is heard nowadays. Its value to the individual reader will depend on his own liking for fantastic impossibilities; but Vernon Lee's rendering is picturesque and effective.—'INTO UNKNOWN SEAS' is a title that will captivate the boys, and the frantic sailor careering on the cover of David Ker's little book (Harper) will increase

the fervor of their interest. The opening sentence, 'Down with the English rascal!' will not be likely to dampen their ardor; and it may be stated, at once, that the high fever of excitement will not die out till the last page is read, if pirates, hidden treasure, wonderful caverns, and rascals galore, with one great and good man to circumvent them, can keep up the interest. It will amuse the boys, and perhaps not hurt them; but there is better material for them in books quite as interesting, if less theatrical.

'A SECRET OF THE SEA' (Charles Scribner's Sons) is one of Brander Matthews's ingenious short stories, combining entertaining absurdity with a really excellent moral. The remarkable pirate who uses a type-writer and possesses sufficient conscience not to take other people's money unless he needs it, is worked into excellent illustration of the straits to which stock-speculators are put, and the 'dodges' to which they will stoop. Bound with the story are some of the author's bright little society sketches, the best of them being 'Love at First Sight,' with its clever anti-climax.—'THE LONG LANE,' by Ethel Coxon (Harper's Handy Series), is a well-written story, to be commended for its excellent moral. There is noticeable in fiction lately a decided reaction in favor of virtue, which novelists are beginning to find can be made quite as dramatic as vice. The 'long lane' of which Miss Coxon tells is the lane of marriage, which she is right in thinking should have no turning to the right hand or the left. It is a spirited little story, by no means goody-goody in its virtue; and it is a capital point in it that the ardent lovers are both heartily and sincerely glad in later life that they behaved properly.—'ST. BRIAVELS,' by Mary Deane (Franklin Square Library), deals with a good deal besides saints, and is decidedly tedious. Vernon Lee's 'Ottile,' in the same Library, is a prettily told idyl of the last century; and her 'Prince of the Hundred Soups,' bound with it, is an amusing little extravaganza. The excellent large type of this number of the Franklin Square, is a great relief.—'CHECKMATED' is the last issue in Cassell's Select Library. The little stories in these compilations are improving in quality.

THERE is really little excuse for the writing of such a novel as 'Justina.' (No Name Series. Roberts Bros.) It is not a very weak or silly book; but written by a person of culture and refinement of feeling, it breathes nevertheless an exotic atmosphere of morality blossoming on the edge of a swamp which certainly results in moral miasma to the reader. It is neither novel nor interesting, for we have all read the same story hundreds of times before: a man unhappily married in his foolish youth, falling in love wisely but not too well while still in bonds to the law; having high moral interviews with the beloved one, in which they clasp hands, and look into each other's eyes, and remind each other eloquently and virtuously that they cannot, must not, will not, love each other, but that they do; final death of the wrong and wronged wife, and happy release for the virtuous pair; serious illness, but eventual recovery of the lover, nursed by the loved one; a wedding in great style, and a happy life ever after. All this is dull and bad: the high moral decisions of the lovers at the end of each interview not compensating, as moral influence, for the sickly atmosphere of the interviews themselves. One wonders, reflecting on the dullness of the badness, whether, after all, there might not be a dramatic value in absolute virtue. Certainly the author of 'A Moral Sinner'—a recent bright little story in admirable contrast to 'Justina'—has succeeded in creating far more dramatic, as well as interesting scenes, with a heroine who objects to moral interviews.

Magazine Notes

'THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA' seems to be finished in the October *Atlantic*; at any rate, poor Hyacinth is finished. Several instructive articles are on 'The Rise of Arabian Learning,' by Edward Hungerford, 'The Witches of Venice,' by Mrs. Pennell, and 'Race Prejudices,' by Prof. Shaler. One is impatient enough with Mr. Bishop's 'Golden Justice' to throw it down, on finding the troublesome husband disposed of by a convenient railway accident. The success of the number, in fiction, certainly, is a daintily charming short story by Miss Tinker, 'From the Garden of a Friend,' which is really a choice bit of delicate humor and fancy.—*The Church Review* for September is the best recent number, but Episcopalians must hope that it will get better still. Dr. W. R. Huntington, in the leading article, continues a series of papers on 'The Book Annexed'—which we fear is doomed. Dr. Benedict attacks the Hymnal as now in use, and Mrs. S. P. Nash writes of 'Ecclesiastical Courts.' There are two philosophical articles, and Dr. C. K. Nelson gives in outline, 'The Theology of the Hebrew Christians,' by which he means that represented in the Epistle to the Hebrews.

The October number of *Lippincott's* is an admirable one. Edgar Fawcett opens with a fine short story, 'A Lear of Tompkins Square,' in which the tragedy of low life, if it loses Shakspearian dignity, loses none of its tragedy or pathos. The story of the old man hopelessly trying to die before his daughters send him to the workhouse is put with much originality and power. F. N. Zabriske, whose too infrequent papers have always a humor not unlike that of Charles Lamb or the Autocrat, contributes by far the most piquant and sensible yet of the many suggestions as to the choice of a library. W. H. Babcock, in a spirited bit of criticism, takes Mrs. Bloomfield Moore to task for her faith without works in the case of the Keely Motor. Mr. Lathrop gives an interesting account of himself as 'An Author Who could not Help it'; and Joe J. Ellick, in his 'Experiences of a Baseball Umpire,' does not inspire us to choose that calling for a profession. Important changes are announced to begin with the November number, in the publication of an entire novel in each issue.

'The Life of Lincoln' which is to begin in the November number of *The Century* is heralded this month by an admirable introduction from Clarence King to the authors, Mr. Nicolay and Col. Hay. Mr. King's definition of a realist may be commended to Mr. Howells. Franklin H. North's paper on 'Gloucester Fishers' is accompanied by spirited drawings; and the article on Björnsterne Björnson, by H. L. Braekstad, has a fine portrait of the statesman and poet. President Gilman pleads for handcraft in his article on 'Hand-Craft and Rede-Craft,' 'American Explorers at Assos,' by F. H. Bacon, with an introduction by Prof. Ware, is finely illustrated. 'Personal Reminiscences of Stonewall Jackson,' by Mrs. Preston, is the most interesting of the War papers. In his article on 'Common Schools Abroad,' it is to be remembered that Matthew Arnold writes as an Englishman, his 'abroad' meaning simply the Continent; but he believes that what he points out to be the superiority of the common schools of France and Germany over those of England, may be of help to Americans in judging for themselves of possible faults in their own system. Mr. Page gives, in 'A Soldier of the Empire,' a variation from the Southern plantation stories which he has heretofore written. 'Europe on Nothing-Certain a Tear,' by Mary Weatherbee, is rather a warning to others not to attempt it.

Sylvester Baxter gives in *Outing* some excellent 'Artistic Hints in Amateur Photography'; Capt. Coffin brings his 'History of American Yachting' down to 1878; and 'The Sunset Land' of Capt. Kemeys continues to be a striking illustration of the power and beauty of what is indescribably known in literature as style.—Dr. Felix L. Oswald gives, in *The Southern Bivouac*, an account of 'Southern Summer Resorts,' reminding us that the northward progress of spring is made at the rate of twenty miles a day, and that a weekly railway trip of six hours would enable a traveller to enjoy the prime of the season for the fifteen following weeks. Henry Strong labors conscientiously to be quite just in a comparative estimate of Grant and Lee, with the result that he believes the two men to have been very much alike in some things, but that in those in which they were unlike, Lee was greatly the superior. Maurice Thompson contributes a delightful paper on the kingfisher, and Maurice J. Kent makes a frank and manly confession of having made a mistake in thinking 'Lilitha' to be a genuine poem of Poe's.

The Magazine of Western History for August opens with an optimistic paper on 'The Railway System of the West'—a glowing tribute to the efficiency of railroads in the commercial, social and religious development of the country, with careful avoidance of any allusion to discriminations, pooling, stock-watering, and other abuses and demoralizing tendencies of the system. The third and final part of the memoir of Zachariah Chandler deals—rather inadequately, it must be said—with his war record and subsequent political movements. Gen. John Gibbon tells the 'Story of a Table' on which the agreement for the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia was signed. The rest of the number is almost entirely given up to biographical sketches of pioneer physicians, Michigan jurists, western Generals and Congressmen, notabilities of Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Buffalo, and other characters of local prominence. A dozen or more fine portraits illustrate the articles.—The alliterative imprint of Bailey, Banks and Biddle, the Tiffanys of Philadelphia, is borne by a new 'illustrated quarterly of art and decoration,' the first number of which has just reached us. It is fair to assume that *The Connoisseur* has been established primarily to advertise the business of its publishers; but this only shows how fine an art the fine art of advertising has become. In this first number we find two or three readable articles, profusely illustrated; several poems by William M. Briggs; and, as frontispiece, a very clever study for a portrait,

by S. W. Van Schaick. The typography of the magazine is uncommonly good.

The *naïveté* of the information Mrs. Lillie gives us about 'Autumn in England,' in the October *Harper's*, makes one wonder why it is that no one can seem to visit in English country-houses without feeling that no one else has ever been in Arcadia. When Mrs. Lillie begins about those bedroom candles waiting in the hall, and those breakfasts where there are no servants, but cold meats on the sideboard to which each one helps himself, we are tempted to ask her if autumn is not the season for chestnuts in England as well as in America. Mr. Warner's hero, strange to say, becomes more animated with the blow to his love, and this instalment of 'Their Pilgrimage,' is one of the brightest; while that of 'Spring-haven' is certainly the brightest so far; and Mr. Page's 'Ole 'Stracted' is one of the delightful creations that we may always expect from the author of 'Marse Chan.' Maria Butler Barrett gives interesting statistics about 'The National Home for Disabled Volunteers,' and Amelia B. Edwards, Ph.D., LL.D., gives, with illustrations, an elaborate account of recent explorations in Egypt, called 'The Story of Tanis.' Mr. Howells's criticism in the *Study* is somewhat disfigured by the personal controversies which he allows to creep into it. Mr. R. H. Stoddard contributes a careful rendering into blank verse, with the title 'The Brahman's Son,' of one of the legends, called 'Yamaraja,' in Lafcadio Hearn's entertaining book of 'Stray Leaves from Strange Literature.' Mr. Stoddard's version is interesting, as showing how poetic was Mr. Hearn's prose, both in treatment and style; for the alterations necessary to measure it off into lines of actual rhythm are so slight, that Mr. Hearn's rendering is followed almost absolutely, line by line, and word by word. Mr. Stoddard has introduced a few similes and a little description, but as a rule he has been careful to keep Mr. Hearn's rendering intact. The effort of blank-verse seems, therefore, hardly worth while, as the story was quite as dramatic, and just as poetic, in prose.

In the October *Forum* Mr. W. H. Mallock heads the procession, and announces 'The Convalescence of Faith.' Half way down the line comes a nameless Unitarian, confessing the illogical conservatism of other Unitarians; while near the end the right to Sunday and Sunday laws is warmly defended on social grounds by Dr. (not 'Prof.') Newman Smyth. Bishop Cox appears, with pleasant ridicule for Englishmen who take up 'Americanisms' of speech. Mr. Hume holds up the New York Stock Exchange to public abhorrence; while the fisheries, the tramps, women's wages, and President Kendrick's education are brought along in the intervals. One of the pleasantest parts of the entertainment is Prof. C. A. Young's friendly and sensible talk on 'College Athletics.'—'Arbitration,' 'An American Queen,' 'Silver and the Savings Bank,' 'Cremation and Christianity'—this alluring alliterative assonance appears on the cover of *The North American* for October, and so affects us as to make it quite natural to say that the surprising sentence, 'Send Back the Obelisk!' stares at us startlingly as we glance down the page. Barring alliterations, however, this is decidedly a 'reform' number. Besides arbitration, silver, and cremation, we have Mr. George on 'Labor in Pennsylvania,' which those who wish to see him Mayor of New York will, indeed, hardly think the most pressing issue; 'Woman Suffrage,' by Mrs. Livermore; 'Prohibition,' by D. R. Locke; and 'Mr. Blaine on the Tariff,' by Prof. Sumner. In a note, Mr. R. A. Proctor has something to say about earthquakes.

The Rev. George A. Gordon, of the Old South Church, Boston, writes the leading article of *The Andover Review* for September, on 'The Preacher as an Interpreter.' The Rev. S. S. Heberd has brief, suggestive, but one-sided and hasty thoughts on 'Vicarious Sacrifice.' The Rev. F. H. Johnson describes at great length 'The Evolution of Truth.' The Rev. E. H. Byington gives a 'Sketch of William Pynchon,' and President Salisbury a paper on 'The Education of the American Negro.' An editorial deals some more heavy blows at the Prudential Committee of the A. B. C. F. M. One of the very best critical articles of recent years is Prof. Woodruff's discussion of 'The Genuineness of the Pastoral Epistles.' *The Andover Review* and *The Bibliotheca Sacra* for the present month contain good articles, which their constituency will probably find less absorbing than the debate about 'The New Theology' and Missions. As we write, it is all uncertain what action the American Board will take at Des Moines. *The Andover* has much the best of the discussion thus far. But when even the venerable Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, who writes against it in *The Bibliotheca*, and doubtless means to be just, can misrepresent the 'Andover movement' as he does, a great, loosely organized body of religious people can hardly be expected to be thoroughly fair, or judge with wise discretion.

London Letter.

THE publishers are issuing their next season's lists; so that there is a faint flavour of literature in the air. But apart from these, and the morning and evening papers, which, like the weekly and monthly reviews, we have always with us, and which therefore do not count, of literary achievement there is none. Mr. Mallock, it is true, has published a novel; but nobody seems to mind it. Mr. Mallock, indeed, is only a young man with a past; his part in the present is infinitesimally small; in the future his interest cannot but be still less. He *was*; and there is an end of him.

Mr. Symonds is a different type of man, as he is also a different type of writer. His interest in things remains, as always, a trifle literary; but it is, as always, indefatigable, and as always vigorous and sound. Awhile ago he contributed an admirable preface to a selection (for a series of Walter Scott's) from Sir Thomas Browne, describing the performers, and analyzing the qualities, of that greatest of all executants on the instrument of prose, in terms that for eloquence and precision combined could not easily be matched in modern criticism. Just now he appears as the writer of the 'Ben Jonson' of the English Worthies, which is good enough to dispute with Mr. Hannay's 'Blake' the top place in the set; and in a little while he is announced to appear again with a further instalment of his 'Renaissance in Italy,' written, like the rest of the set, at Davos, and dealing, we may be sure, not inadequately with a vast and all but unmanageable subject. This last avatar belongs, however, to the future; while the 'Ben Jonson' is already of the past. As I have said, it is an excellent book. Mr. Symonds is writing (for one thing) better than ever. His style has always been of the floridest. There was a time when, like Hudibras, he scarce could ope his mouth but out there flew a trope; when all the adjectives that ever qualified were pressed into his service; when a Pelion upon Ossa of metaphors was not enough to express the emotion to which his exercise of the critical faculty subjected him. It came a great while ago, but not so great that one cannot recall it with a smile, that still-famous flight of his, in the course of which he bade you, if you would realize the effect of Pindar's verse, go 'fancy yourself playing such a motett as Mozart's "Splendente te Deus" in the Chapel of Mont St. Michel, which is built like a lighthouse on a rock, at the bottom of which the sea is churning in a tempest;' and this after likening his poet to a torrent, to Dante's vision of the divine Eagle, to an Alpine thunder-storm, to a 'Matterhorn of solid gold, conspicuous from afar, girdled at the base with ice and snow, beaten by winds, wreathed round with steam and vapor, jutting a sharp and dazzling outline into cold blue ether!' That was the Symonds of a vanished day, and his reign is long since over. He survives in isolated passages even to this hour; and in this same 'Ben Jonson' we find him remarking on the attributes of certain Elizabethan artificers in verse with all the old fury, if with scarce the old force. 'Massinger,' says he, 'reminds us of the intricacies of Sansovino;' Shakspeare 'of Gothic aisles in Heaven's cathedral;' Webster 'of Gothic crypts;' Marlowe 'of masoned clouds;' Marston 'of the fragmentary vigour of a Roman ruin;' and all the rest of it. But happily these emergings are rare. Mr. Symonds has his ancient enemy well in hand, and it is only now and then that he suffers him to escape. The 'Ben Jonson,' therefore, is well written almost from first to last. What is as much, it is the work of one who knows his subject thoroughly, and who, himself a perfect classic, is exceptionally qualified for the task of dealing with a poet who is nothing if not scholarly—who was not the least in an age of scholarship, and is better remembered, perhaps, by his gleanings from antiquity—

Drink to me only with thine eyes
And I will pledge with mine—

than by his more English and original work. There are points in his estimate of Jonson to which exception may be taken; as, for instance, his preference of 'Volpone' to 'The Alchemist,'

and his want of enthusiasm for Jonson's prose. But in the main his judgment is sound, and his work may be accepted as the best in existence on an English Worthy who, with all his faults, is un-English only now and then, and is never unworthy at all.

Mr. Symonds's preference of 'Volpone' to 'The Alchemist'—a preference he shares with Mons. Zola—is after all no more than a matter of taste; and on that subject there is nothing to add to the opinion which, to Frederick the Great, existed as 'De gustibus non est disputandum.' Past a certain point the critical faculty avails us nothing; we grow perverse, and fall back on our likes and dislikes. To some of us, for instance, the plays of Victor Hugo are not plays at all; they are lyrics in five acts, and pretty false and inhuman at that; and if there is one of them that in falseness and inhumanity surpasses the others, that one is 'Le Roi s'Amuse.' Mr. Roden Noel thinks otherwise; and Mr. Theodore Watts, who has done so much admirable work in *The Athenæum*—without whom, indeed, *The Athenæum*, considered as an organ of literary criticism, would scarce exist,—is happy to agree with him. As a rule he thinks the right thing about his Hugo, and he says it in a way there is no mistaking, and for which, in these vain, Hugolatrous times, it is impossible to be too grateful. But on those 'gorgeous unveracities' which compose the 'Théâtre' of the Master, and particularly on 'Le Roi s'Amuse,' the most gorgeous unveracity of them all, he is no more to be trusted than Mr. Swinburne himself. Again, to some of us the 'Phantom Lover' of Vernon Lee is but a bad story badly told; while to others—as, for instance Mr. William Wallace, one of *The Academy's* young men, and also one of *The Spectator's* old women—it rivals, and successfully, with 'The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll.' A third (and last) example is that of Mr. R. L. Stevenson and Mr. Armitage, which is complicated with a difference of opinion between Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Robert Buchanan. Mr. Armitage, as your readers will remember, wrote to *The Times* to tell the world, or such of it as cared to listen, that Mons. Rodin's 'Idylle' was refused because of its 'intrinsic badness;' that Mons. Rodin in Paris is called 'the Zola of sculpture;' and that he couldn't see why a man whose work is too coarse for the strong stomach of modern France should hope to find grace at the hands of a body so chaste and pure as the Council of the Royal Academy. To this Mr. Stevenson replied, in a letter to the same print, which all artists have read with gratitude and delight. Mr. Armitage, he said, 'repeating in ignorance' what he had gathered 'from the lips of the indiscriminating,' was pleased to compare Rodin with Zola. Who was his authority? and what was the meaning of the phrase? To himself Rodin's work is 'the clean contrary' of Zola's; for 'his is no triumph of workmanship lending an interest to what is base, but to an increasing degree as he proceeds in life the noble expression of noble sentiment and thought.' So thinks Mr. Stevenson; and he proceeds to say that he was 'one of a party of artists' (I hear that Mr. Will H. Low, the illustrator of Keats, was another) 'that visited his studio the other day, and after having seen his later work . . . we came forth again into the streets of Paris, silenced, gratified, humbled in the thought of our own efforts, yet with a fine sense that the age was not utterly decadent, and that there were yet worthy possibilities in art.' It is not possible he opines, to be thus impressed by 'Germinal' or 'L'Œuvre.' Zola is a man 'of personal and forceful' (*The Times* reads 'fanciful,' but 'tis a printer's error) 'talent,' as Rodin is; but 'of diseased ideals, a lover of the ignoble, dwelling complacently in foulness, and to my sense touched with erotic madness,' as Rodin is not. To all this, which seems reasonable enough to win agreement and applause from all but the novelist's peculiar friends—the good young gentlemen responsible for 'Marthe' and 'L'Harlot s'Amuse' and work of that degree of rankness,—Mr. Robert Buchanan—never averse from publicity, as I have said—is pleased to take exception in the columns of *The Pall Mall Gazette*.

He disagrees with Mr. Stevenson, and there's an end of the matter. Obviously the world is too full of individualities and individual tastes for the existence of anything like an absolute of the Beautiful. What is Mr. Stevenson's poison is Mr. Buchanan's meat: 'A Phantom Lover' is as good as, if not better than, 'The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll'; 'The Alchemist' is inferior to 'Volpone'; and Mons. Rodin is not nearly so great a sculptor as Mr. Calder Marshall; which is as pleasant a confusion for the man of mind as could well be desired.

Mr. Hatton, the musician of a score of admirable songs, is dead; and there is none to take his place. At the Princesses, 'Harvest,' by Mr. Hamilton, the adapter of Ouida's 'Moths,' has scored a kind of success; it is a bad play, badly acted, but it has scored a kind of success, as bad plays badly acted sometimes will. Mr. Dowden's 'Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley,' a protest in two volumes against Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson's last book, and a refutation of most of, if not all, its misstatements, is announced by Kegan Paul; as are a volume of short stories by Mr. Andrew Lang, and a tragedy, 'Gycia,' by Mr. Lewis Morris, neither of which can fail to be amusing. Messrs. Macmillan will publish Mr. Henry James's 'Princess Casamassima' and a new novel, called 'Sir Percival,' by Mr. J. H. Shorthouse: it is known that the first is infinitely better reading than 'The Portrait of a Lady,' it is hoped, but not expected, that the second will be an improvement on 'John Inglesant.' Mr. Stevenson's new book, announced by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, will consist of fantastic stories, pure and simple. All, with one exception, have been published before. Meanwhile, Mr. Stevenson is engaged on a story—to be printed separately—of the Elixir of Life, which should take rank with his best and happiest efforts.

The National Library of Messrs. Cassell goes steadily on, and week by week is richer by a volume. The World Library of Messrs. Routledge is a failure, and henceforth will be issued month by month. Messrs. Cassell's editor is Mr. Henry Morley; Messrs. Routledge's, Mr. Haweis. 'Et voilà pourquoi votre fille est muette'

LONDON, September 25th, 1886.

H. B.

Calliope's Answer.

A FABLE FOR CRITICS.

ON Helicon, the blossoming,—
Beside the Hippocrenean spring,—
Euterpe sought Calliope
The day great Homer ceased to be.
Such tears of sympathetic woe
As from a goddess' eyes may flow
Were trembling brightly on her cheek,
As thus the muse essayed to speak:—

'Alas! alas! sweet sister mine,
Dear chief of all our gracious Nine!
Of what avail are harp and lute,
Now his—the master's—voice is mute?
O'er all the Grecian hills and plains,
No worthy bard prolongs his strains.
We walk bereft; with Homer dead,
The age of poesy is fled!'

With smile serene, majestic, proud,—
Like sunshine breaking from a cloud,—
'Fear not my sister; lift thy head!
Thus Orpheus' mother gently said;
'See yonder valley like the sea,
In rippling reaches spreading free!
Though every verdant, grassy wave
Were heaped above a poet's grave,
And each young leaf upon its stem
Thrilled to a singer's requiem,
And not a breeze across the plain
But bore some minstrel's dying strain:—

Yet, while before Aurora's car
The gates of morning stand ajar,
And Luna, night by night revealed,
Still leads her starry flocks afield;
While, fearless, down the mountain-steep
The crested torrents laugh and leap,
And yearning rivers wander wide
To swell the pulses of the tide;
While nymphs disport in woody dells,
Where lilies swing their odorous bells;
While lovers kiss at set of day,
And mothers watch their babes at play,
And soldiers arm, and women weep,
And once swift-footed heroes sleep,
Deaf to the battle's mingled noise,
Beneath the walls of other Troys;
While from Olympus' sacred height
Wide swing the cloud-veiled gates of light,
And o'er Elysian meadows rove
The blessed shades of buried love,—
The deathless soul of poetry
Out of the dust of men to be
Shall shape the hand to strike the lyre,
The singing lips, the heart of fire!
Endless the sacred circles run:
Many the forms, the life is one!'

The last of the Olympian race
Left, long ago, their lofty place.
No more we seek the sisters fair
Beside that crystal fountain, where
The winged steed Bellerophon
His light hoof set on Helicon;—
Yet wert thou wiser far than we,
Calliope! Calliope!

The Lounger

THE New York correspondent of the Boston *Literary World* has the imagination of a poet, though he writes the plainest prose. In his last letter he gossips of *The Century Magazine* and its change from *Scribner's*. Of the numerous statements made two are correct. The name was changed from *Scribner's* to *The Century*, and the offices were moved from 743 Broadway to Union Square. Every other statement is—incorrect. The sum of money paid by The Century Co. to Charles Scribner's Sons for their interest in the magazine was \$250,000 instead of \$75,000, and it was paid within three months from the date of sale. This, however, is a very mild misstatement compared to one that follows. The Century Co., says the correspondent, took a year's lease of its present quarters, and at the end of the lease applied for a four years' renewal. Messrs. Arnold, Constable & Co., the owners of the building, referred the application to their man of business, Henry C. Pedder. Mr. Pedder offered to renew the lease if allowed to inspect the magazine's books, and only if such an inspection should prove satisfactory. He was amazed to find that the magazine's profits were \$250,000 for the single year. He renewed the lease, but resolved to start a magazine of his own.

COULD anything be more absurd than the statement that the publishers of a well established magazine, known all over the land to be a particularly profitable property, consented to have their books examined before their lease was renewed? Fancy the publishers of *The Century* submitting to such an indignity, or a landlord daring to make such a proposition! I should not like to have been in Mr. Pedder's place when he made the suggestion to Mr. Roswell Smith, if he did make it; but of course he didn't. Some one has evidently attempted to guy *The Literary World's* correspondent, and has found him an easy victim.

THERE are half a dozen great printing-houses in this city, and it would surprise no one to hear that their proprietors were rich men, or in the way of growing rich; yet the head of one of the best known of these houses tells me that during the forty years he has been in the business, he has only known one printer to retire with anything like a fortune. That one, as it happened, was not a printer by trade, but a stone-mason who had taken a printing-establishment for a debt. There is little or no money in the printing business, my in-

formant assured me, unless one has the backing—as two of the largest establishments in the city have—of a great publishing-house. The proprietor of another of these places is reputed to be the possessor of a large fortune; but it came to him by marriage, and though his millions—if, indeed, he be as rich as report would have him—came from the estate of his predecessor in the proprietorship of the printing-house, they were not made in the printing-business, but in that of the hatter. So the boy who aspires to be as great a plutocrat as Astor, Vanderbilt or Gould must choose some other trade than that of Franklin, Greeley, Caxton and Wynkin de Worde.

MR. HENLEY, the actor, who is to appear at Wallack's on Tuesday next as Blifil in Buchanan's 'Sophia,' proposes to produce at a matinée, in no great while, a revised version of 'Deacon Brodie,' a play written a few years ago by Robert Louis Stevenson and W. E. Henley, the actor's brother, late editor of *The Magazine of Art*. This play, Mr. Stevenson's first serious attempt at dramatic composition, is described as a powerful melodrama. In England it failed to rival in popularity contemporaneous melodramas of the type of 'The World' and 'The Silver King,' but in America it is hoped a better fate may befall it. In any event, there will be a lively curiosity 'in literary circles' to see what the best English writer of the younger generation can do when he writes for the stage.

FROM the London World:

Mr. Brander Matthews, an American author and journalist, is writing to the Philadelphia press letters descriptive of the inner life of our London newspaper offices. In one of them he speaks of British respectability, 'with its thousand gigs.' This is sheer nonsense. Mr. Matthews has heard something about respectability and gigs, and makes his own quotation. The connection dates from the trial of Thurtell for the murder of William Weare, when one of the witnesses having stated that Weare was a respectable man, and being questioned what he meant, said, 'Well, he kept a gig.' By the way, Mr. Brander Matthews wrote a comedy, which was produced in London, at the Court Theatre, if I mistake not. I wonder what the *Daily Telegraph* said about that comedy! I wonder—after reading what Mr. Matthews says about the *D. T.* and its old and young lions.

MR. EDMUND YATES, an English author and journalist, may perhaps be excused for not knowing a quotation from Carlyle when he sees it, but this ignorance does not justify him in calling it 'sheer nonsense.' And it is always best not to impute motives, as the editor of *The World* does in the second of these paragraphs, for it may be setting a bad example. In the present case, what Mr. Edmund Yates said about Mr. Brander Matthews made me curious to see what Mr. Brander Matthews had said about Mr. Edmund Yates; and as my readers may have the same curiosity, I quote it from the letter to which Mr. Yates alludes:

A paper which is the exact opposite of *The Saturday Review* under Mr. Pollock is *The World* of Mr. Edmund Yates. Beginning literary life as one of the little host of deputy Dickens who hung to the great Boz, Mr. Yates made himself notorious by abuse of Thackeray, who had him expelled from the Garrick Club for conduct unbecoming a gentleman. He has since written novels, some of which succeeded, and one, 'Black Sheep,' was well worth reading. He lectured in America quite unnecessarily. Then he founded *The World* and 'filled a long-felt want.' He understood the kind of journal the underbred fashionable people of London would like to buy, and he knew how to choose the men who could write what these people would like to read. The starting prospectus was written by Grenville Murray; the financial article was prepared by Mr. Henry Labouchère; a bitter and biting retort to Mr. Robert Buchanan is believed to have been the work of Mr. G. A. Sala; and for a libellous paragraph, written by some lady of fashion, Mr. Yates went to jail.

The Pope at Home.

[*The Court and Society Review.*]

THE Pope, the papers to the contrary notwithstanding, enjoys perfectly good health. It is true that he has been suffering this winter from rheumatism and general weakness, but though these ailments have afflicted him for many years they have not increased. Leo XIII. has frequently assured me that he is now stronger and better in health than before he was Pope. When Archbishop of Perugia he was often suffering, and obliged to remain in bed for some weeks at a time. Since he came to the throne he has not passed two consecutive days in bed, and, when you consider his age—76—and the amazing amount of work he does, this is truly wonderful. He is not nearly so tall as he looks; but he is so very thin that he seems almost a giant. His head is extremely small, but his brow most intellectual. He has a large nose and very vivacious coal-black eyes. His

mouth, which is very wide, is most curious and full of character. His hands are small and shapely. In manner he is winning and courteous; eager to please, and so good-natured and affable that it is with difficulty you can get a chance to kiss his hand. At what is called a private audience he will put his hand familiarly on your shoulder or link his arm in yours and walk you up and down the room, showing you his pictures and curios with the utmost *bonhomie*. He talks very good French; but there is something about him which is awe-striking—almost terrible. Sometimes a light flashes across his face which fairly transfigures him. Whilst I was with him recently he received a paper and read it swiftly. What it contained I know not; it evidently pleased him, for he looked radiant with pleasure; but instead of giving it to the attendant Cardinal to read he put it in his breast, and, smiling in the most amiable manner, rejoined the group in which I stood. To the poorer people about the Court, the guards and servants, he is kindness itself; and he is prompt to relieve suffering whenever he hears of it. Leo XIII. is a statesman and a learned man, and his humor is often grim and uncanny. His literary style is purely classical, and he writes Latin which, in these days, it would be difficult to rival. He rises at six, says Mass, and reads his devotions until seven, when he breakfasts on coffee and dry bread. He then works at his letters until noon. Then he takes what you English would call his 'luncheon.' An hour is next devoted to exercise in the gardens of the Vatican; but if it rains the Pontiff walks in the library or in the Loggia of Raphael—frequently pausing to admire the paintings, for he is a great connoisseur of art. From two to three, ambassadors, diplomatists, and other distinguished visitors are received. At half-past three the Pope re-enters his study, and is seen no more until next morning, unless by certain privileged persons, and, by appointment, his Secretary of State and other officials. At seven he dines, and sometimes afterwards plays chess, but very rarely, for he will often spend the night in prayer, or in writing letters, or in correcting his encyclicals. His faithful valet has frequently found him in the morning fast asleep in his chair. He has not been to bed or changed his garments, and has passed the night writing until he has fallen exhausted over his work. The wonder to everybody is how he manages to do so much. It seems superhuman. His memory is marvellous, and his knowledge of European political affairs very extensive. He reads all sorts of newspapers and is extremely sensible of the power of the press. Above all things he is moderate and prudent in his views. 'I always strive to be just,' said he the other day, 'and especially so to my enemies.' The vast responsibility which weighs upon him he appreciates fully, and even fears. 'There are many things I should like to do, but I dare not—the responsibility is too great.' . . .

The simplicity of his life is such that it does not cost him more than six francs a day for his personal expenses. He rarely partakes of more than one dish at a meal, and only drinks a very little common wine of the country mixed with water. He is scrupulously neat in his person, and his white robe is like snow—spotless. As usual with most Italian priests, he takes snuff, but not to excess. He is very fond of children and young people, and is popular with them; but he also enjoys the conversation of learned persons, and when any celebrated scientist or literary man obtains an interview, it is frequently prolonged beyond the ordinary limits, in order to give the Pope an opportunity of enjoying what to him is a great treat—an intellectual chat. Taking him all in all Leo XIII. is one of the most extraordinary men of the age, and well worthy of his great station, and the universal respect in which he is held. Even as Archbishop of Perugia, the present Pope was renowned as a scholar, and had published thirty-five volumes on almost every conceivable subject. He is proud of his Latin, and has caused, as everybody knows, costly publications of his beautiful 'Carmina' to be printed and bound in the white vellum peculiar to Rome as presents to the leading sovereigns and statesmen of Europe. Although the position of Pope is great and exalted, nevertheless it is extremely monotonous; and its monotony is increased now by the fact that His Holiness has elected to remain in the Vatican, and is never likely to leave it alive. Many, especially in England, wonder at his self-imposed imprisonment; but those who live in Rome can easily understand that it is a wise and prudent policy. The city is passing through a complete transformation, and is full of roughs from all parts of the country, who might easily be prevailed upon by the demagogues who are working them for their own purposes, to insult and even injure him. You doubtless remember the disgraceful scenes which occurred on the night when Pius IX.'s remains were removed to his last resting-place at San Lorenzo. Well, if such was the reception accorded to-

the body of a dead Pope, what, asks Leo XIII., might not occur to the living? Again, if the Catholics were too demonstrative in their mode of receiving His Holiness, it might be interpreted by the Liberals in a wrong sense, and lead to a counter demonstration alike painful to the Pope and dangerous to the occupants of the Quirinal. Thus, although many would wish to see the once-familiar gilded coach, with the Papal arms and the white-clad figure of the Pope inside, passing through the streets of Rome, it is perhaps best that they should not do so, and that, until the storm passes over, the Holy Father should remain quietly in his glorious palace and gardens, where he is safe from the zeal of friends and the malice of foes.

Hawthorne.

[James T. Fields, in *The Youth's Companion*.]

SOME exceptionally good genius must have been brooding over New England between the years 1803 and 1809, for during that period Hawthorne, Willis, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier and Holmes were born.

Last summer in my rambles along the streets of Salem, I was stopped by a pleasant-looking group of strangers, one of whom inquired if I could point out the house with seven gables of which Hawthorne had written; also the house where the author was born. It was a great pleasure for me to do so, and it was an added satisfaction when the visitors told me they had come many miles of travel out of their way on purpose to visit the scenes in Salem connected with Hawthorne's fame. This reverence for a man of genius is not so common, I am sorry to say, in our country, as it ought to be. We are so busy about our everyday affairs that as a people we are apt to neglect a due regard for both the living and the dead who are entitled to our consideration. Reverence, as a tribute to those above us, either in intellect or goodness, is not one of our national traits, among our young people especially. I once saw nearly every person in the pit of a French theatre rise to pay homage to the old poet, Béranger, when he came forward to take his seat in the house, and I once had the mortification of seeing our own venerable poet Bryant, left to stand up in a street-car in New York, while the occupants, mostly young men, filled all the places, and never once stirred to give room to their justly distinguished townsman. We have something yet to learn from foreign manners and courtesies.

In all literature there are no more pleasurable and improving books for young people than many of Hawthorne's writings. What a delightful volume is the 'Tanglewood Tales!' so are 'The Wonder Book,' and 'True Stories from History and Biography.' There is an undercurrent of grace and wisdom in them which cannot fail to have a lasting influence on all who read them. And what a casket of gems is the 'Twice-Told Tales!'

Hawthorne's rank among authors is among the highest. People attempt to compare him with this and that writer of books, both in America and in Europe, but the fact is, there is no one precisely of his exceptional 'school.' He is the only scholar in it, and probably always will be. He has had imitators, and will have them constantly, but he will remain the *only* in his walk.

He was born in Salem, a very pleasant spot to be born in, and just the kind of a place to nurse his old-time fancies in. I can imagine him shutting up his Shakespeare, or his Milton, or Pope,—authors he was fond of reading in boyhood—and strolling out at twilight among the weird and storied precincts of his native town. He was a careful reader of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' too, in those days, and he no doubt wandered up and down the streets and lanes with many of Bunyan's characters alert and alive in his vivid imagination, pondering the situations and conversations in that remarkable book.

At the age of seventeen he entered Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, in Maine, and there met Franklin Pierce, his lifelong friend and ardent admirer, then a student at the same place. Longfellow was also pursuing his studies at Bowdoin when Hawthorne was there, and well remembered the dark-haired silent scholar gliding in and out among the pine grove that stood near the college buildings.

When I first saw Hawthorne he was about thirty-five years old, and his fame was assured. He was not then a popular author, as it is called, but he was something much better, he was a distinguished one. He had published the 'Twice-Told Tales,' and although his readers were not as yet numerous, they were enthusiastic, and were longing for more, which is always a good sign. Longfellow, ever active in the cause of good letters, had written warm words of praise about the book in *The North American Review*, and Hillard and Felton and all the sound minds of that day had recognized the genius of the author.

The profits of literature did not support Hawthorne's family,

and it is to the credit of Mr. Bancroft, the historian, that he got an appointment for the young man in the Custom House. Robert Burns was also, at one time in his life, a custom-house officer, and used to attend to the unloading of vessels, and examination of papers, just as Hawthorne did. Among my autographs I have several official documents signed by Burns and by Hawthorne, when they were serving their respective countries, and vigilantly employed in seeing that no one was engaged in defrauding the revenues.

The publication of 'The Scarlet Letter' drew immediate and wide attention to the modest author, and from that period everything he wrote was eagerly welcomed and read. Both in America and in Europe he was placed among the leading writers of the time, and his books were translated and republished all over the continent. Henceforward he was enrolled with the first men of his era, and all lands were eager to do him homage.

When his friend and classmate Pierce was elected President of the United States, Hawthorne was appointed Consul to Liverpool, and filled the office several years. He had prophesied during his college days that Franklin Pierce would one day be President, and although Pierce used to laugh over the idea, Hawthorne never relinquished it. There is a letter in my possession, which has never been printed, wherein Hawthorne, still a young man, tells Pierce what fortunes are to befall him. It is very interesting and curious to read that letter now, and note how full of prophecy it is. It is dated Salem, June 28, 1832.

In it the writer says: 'I sincerely congratulate you on all your public honors, in possession and in prospect. If they continue to accumulate so rapidly, you will be at the summit of political eminence by that time of life when men are usually just beginning to make a figure. I suppose there is hardly a limit to your expectations, at this moment; and I really cannot see why there should be any. If I were in your place, I should like to proceed by the following steps,—after a few years in Congress, to be chosen Governor, say at thirty years old; next a Senator in Congress; then Minister to England; then to be put at the head of one of the Departments (that of War would suit you, I should think),—and lastly—but it will be time enough to think of the next step [meaning the presidency, no doubt] some years hence.'

This letter sounds like foretelling the fortunes of the young man to whom he is writing! I remember Hawthorne's saying to me many years before the event came round,—'Nothing can keep Frank Pierce from being President,' and that when I looked incredulous, he became serious and said, 'Remember some day what I now tell you!'

Hawthorne's home was a shifting one. He lived some years in Salem and Boston, then wandered away to Lenox among the Berkshire Hills, then fitted to Concord, near Emerson and Alcott, then to Europe, and then again back to his pleasant dwelling, 'The Wayside.' He was not easy to catch as a guest, but when he did appear among his friends, his presence, like all rarities, was an event of real pleasure. He liked, when in America, to come once a month to Boston, and dine with his fellow-members of 'The Saturday Club,' for there he would meet Longfellow, Motley, Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, Agassiz, Felton, Dana, Whipple, and several other old friends, who were always delighted to greet him.

I seem to hear now Agassiz's burst of 'Here's Hawthorne!' as the shy member from Concord made his timid way into the dining-room, and began to shake hands 'all round.' He did not talk much, at the table or anywhere, but what he said was about the best thing that could be uttered on the subject then uppermost. There were few men who could equal him in saying just the right thing at the right time.

I happened to be in England when Hawthorne was living there, and could not help rejoicing over the pleasure people had in seeing and talking with him. He was everywhere a welcome guest, and all delighted to honor the great American romancer. But what he liked best was to ramble alone among the great masses of human life that rush along the crowded streets of London. He said it was a matter for self-congratulation when he found himself strolling along Ludgate Hill.

I went with him to the British Museum one day, but he soon tired of the vast collections. Turner's pictures he did not much care for, but preferred Claude's, in spite of Ruskin. Whenever he saw a Murillo he always stopped a long time before it, and he said to me frequently, 'That is my painter.' Old England pleased him much more than Modern England, and the cathedral towns enchanted him. A friend of mine saw him one day standing uncovered in front of Peterborough Cathedral, looking full of worshipful admiration.

There are no more delightful diaries in the language than those left us by Hawthorne, and his 'note books' will last as long as any of his beautiful writings. Indeed, he never touched anything he did not adorn, for he belongs to that class of English authors

who polish and sweeten the language, and leave it better than they found it.

Summer travellers to the White Mountains will remember a pleasant hotel in the little town of Plymouth, in New Hampshire, called the 'Pemigewasset House.' On an evening in May, 1864, two friends, who had been spending a few days among the hills to watch the coming on of spring, arrived at this quiet resting place from Centre Harbor, to pass the night. They were the old college companions, now grown gray in friendship and loving intercourse, Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author, and Franklin Pierce, the Ex-President. When the morning dawned, one of these fellow-travellers tried in vain to waken the other. Hawthorne had passed from natural slumber into eternal rest.

And while he slept his spirit walked abroad,
And wandered past the mountain, past the cloud,
Nor came again to rouse the form at peace.

The chamber in which the pilgrims tarried that night fronts the morning sun, and when they found him quietly lying there, the rising rays lay soft and warm upon his noble forehead, kissing his dead lineaments into a smiling image of majestic repose.

Aristocratic Surnames.

[The Literary World, London.]

SIR: Phonographers complain that scarcely one English word in a thousand is spelt correctly—that is, all its letters are not sounded precisely as they are in the alphabet. And such criticism is perfectly just, though, from the force of habit, we seldom notice the faulty orthography of common words. But if we meet proper names, of persons or places, their eccentric spelling is more observable, and sometimes even puzzling. Highly educated persons often hesitate in pronouncing a proper name which they see for the first time. This remark especially applies to some aristocratic surnames, as will be seen by my introduction of the subjoined, with their recognized pronunciation:—

Clanranald must be sounded as if written Clanronald. Derby, in speaking either of the peer, the town, or the race, should always be called Darby. Dillwyn is pronounced Dillon, with the accent on the first syllable. In Blyth the *th* is dropped, and the word becomes Bly. Lyveden is pronounced as Livden, and Pepys as Pepis, with the accent on the first syllable. In Monson and Ponsonby the first *o* becomes short *u*, and they are called Munson, Punsonby. In Blount the *o* is silent, and the word is spoken as Blunt. Brougham, whether referring to the late illustrious statesman or the vehicle named after him, should not be pronounced as two syllables—Brawham or Brooham—but as one—Broom. Colquhoun, Duchesne, Marjoribanks, and Cholmondely—four formidable names to the uninitiated—must be called Cohoon, Dukarn, Marshbanks, and Chumley! Cholmeley is also pronounced Chumley. Mainwaring and M'Leod must be pronounced Mannering and Macloud. The final *x* in Molyneux and Vaux is sounded, but the final *x* in Devereux and Des Vaux is mute. In Ker the *e* becomes short *a*, and the word is called Kar; it would be awfully bad form to pronounce it Cur! In Waldegrave the *de* is dropped, and it becomes Walgrave, with the accent on the first syllable. Berkeley, whether referring to the person or place, should be pronounced Barkley. Buchan is pronounced as Bukan; Beauclerk, or Beauclark, as Beauclare, with the accent on the first syllable; and Beauvoir as Beevor. Wemyss is pronounced as Weems, and Willoughby D'Eresby as Willowby D'Ersby; St. John must be pronounced Sinjin as a surname or Christian name; when applied to a locality or a building, it is pronounced as spelt, Saint John. Montgomery, or Montgomerie, is pronounced Mungumery, with the accent on the second syllable. In Elgin *g* takes the hard sound it has in give; in Gifford and Giffard it takes the soft sound as in gin—as it also does in Nigel. In Conyngham the *o* becomes short *u*, and the name is called Cunningham. In Johnstone the *t* is silent. Strachan should be pronounced Strawn; Heathcote, Hethkut; and Hertford, Harford. The *av* is dropped in Abergavenny, which is called Abergenny; and the *n* in Penrith, which is called Perrith. Beauchamp must be pronounced Beecham; Bourne, Burn; and Bourke, Burk. Gower, as a street, is pronounced as it is written, but, as a surname, it becomes Gor. Eyre should be pronounced Air; and Du Plat is called Du Plah. Jervis should be pronounced Jarvis; Knollys as if written Knowls; Menzies as if written Mynjes; and Macnamara must be pronounced Macnamarah, with the accent on the third syllable. Sandys should be spoken as one syllable—Sands; St. Clark is also one word—Sinclair; and St. Leger is called Selleger. Vaughan is spoken as one syllable—Vawn; and Villebois is Vealbwah. Villiers is called Villers, with the accent on the first syllable; Tyrwhitt is called Tirritt; and Tollemache is pronounced Tollmash, with no accent on either syllable. The proper pronun-

ciation of a dead Conservative Premier's title is Beckonsfield; Bethune should be spoken as Beeton, and Milnes as Mills. Charteris, by those moving in what Jeames calls the 'hupper suckles,' is pronounced Charters, and Glamis is called Glams. Geoghegan is always spoken as Gagan, and Ruthven as Riven.

It will be observed that most of the above names are much abbreviated in their pronunciation, as recognised by 'society'—a fact which forms but one of the many protests against the cumbersome nature of English orthography.

AN OLD PHONOGRAPHER.

A Classic in Danger.

[The Saturday Review.]

AT WHAT will educational reformers stick, or any other reformers for that matter? In *The Pall Mall Gazette* a gentleman signing himself 'Observer' lifts up his unhallowed hands against one of the classics of childhood, the immortal work of Mr. Day, the perennial 'Sandford and Merton.' This venerable text, after resisting the advance of time and the burlesque of Mr. Burnand, is still used in Board Schools. 'Observer' is shocked by the endurance of so antiquated a volume. He is not content with clamouring for a revised version or an expurgated version of 'Sandford and Merton,' calculated for the moral needs of little boys and girls to whom the tale of Eliza Armstrong has been already unfolded. We could understand that, in place of Mrs. Hofland's 'Stolen Boy: a Story founded on Fact,' there should be a proposal to substitute 'The Stolen Girl: a Story Practically Unfounded.' That would be natural; the mere spirit of rivalry would suggest that course. But what has 'Sandford and Merton' done to deserve expulsion from Board Schools? It enemy asks if such a work 'is not likely to 'make prigs and snobs of the rising generation?' 'Prigs' palter with a double sense. There is nothing in Mr. Day's old book to encourage theft, unless the anecdote of the Spartan boy begets a desire for illicit bag-foxes, a desire which Board schoolboys can hardly hope to gratify. As to prigs in the other sense of the word, where is the prig in 'Sandford and Merton?' Is it Mr. Barlow? The very question sounds impious. But if it must be faced, Mr. Barlow is certainly prone to give information and to draw morals from everything, like the Duchess in the adventures of Alice. He may share these foibles with prigs; but, then, to instruct and moralize was Mr. Barlow's business. He was not more of a prig than a schoolmaster is bound to be, and not so much as most schoolmasters succeed in being. When Harry and Tommy were tucked away in bed, we doubt not that Mr. Barlow, at such a little supper as even the father of Emma Woodhouse gave, would have unbent in any decently clerical manner. In the holidays, of course, he did not tramp off to make life hideous in the Engadine or the Tyrol, but he probably enjoyed himself in a harmless and decorous manner at home. He was not always reading Plutarch's Lives, we may depend on it, any more than the most earnest Board schoolmaster is always reading the edifying Life and Adventures of Rebecca Jarrett.

Then, if Mr. Barlow will not make the rising generation prigs, who will? It is not Tommy. Tommy was no more a prig (though his character was faulty) than Charles II. was a snob. Tommy is a very humorous sketch of the embryo buck or macaroni of the period—vain, spoiled, good-natured, lavish, contemptuous. Remember how Tommy gave a little boy, a child of the people, over whom he had in vain endeavored to domineer, some of his half-worn, smart clothes. Presently the small boy came back bleeding, muddy, but victorious, and returned the glittering détroque of Master Merton. Another boy had called him 'a Frenchman,' and he had punched that other boy. We call that far from priggish or snobbish. A British boy ought to spurn the alms which cast a doubt on his nationality, and is bound to punch the critic who mistakes him for an alien. 'French boys, please copy,' we might add; for the French boy should stick up for his own side, and we believe he generally does so, in his own way, punches on the head being barred. Again, if Tommy had snobbish elements, did not Harry and Mr. Barlow labor, with Plutarch and punches, to cure him of his purse-proud disposition?

Perhaps, then, the Advocatus Diaboli will call Harry a prig? We admit that Harry was not faultless. For example, he objected to field sports. When the sportsman asked Harry which way the hare had gone, he took the hare's part, and held his tongue. For this he was violently flogged, but he stuck to his point like a man. Now, if you are hunting a hare, we have nothing to say against it; but to Harry, who was not pursuing, the hare appeared, like the sparrows of the Goddess, as a suppliant. In any case, he was right not to answer when he was threatened and assaulted. Harry was the first muscular Christian of story-books. He was virtuous and pugnacious. He punched and was punched. In that spirited

and exciting battle with Master Mash, Harry came up smiling again and again, in face of science and a superior reach. He took punishment like a glutton. We see no harm in Harry. It is all very well to say that 'a simply written Life' of Gordon would be worth a thousand such works as 'Sandford and Merton.' But can it be expected that Liberal parents will let their children read a veracious Life of Gordon? The world has already heard of the pupil who, when receiving oral instruction about General Gordon, exclaimed, 'I'm yaller,' and indignantly left the room. Things are bad enough without bringing "blue" and "yaller" to blows in Board Schools.

When Love Expires.

[R. B., in *Lippincott's Magazine*.]

WHEN love expires, the heart dies too,
For love the heart's heart is; but when
The flame of love flares up anew,
The heart is warmed to life again.

Death Undisguised.

[Frank T. Marzials, in *The Academy*.]

'O DEATH, thou subtle Proteus, that dost wear
Such shifting shapes in human phantasies,
Fain would I see thy face without disguise,
And know thee as thou art, for foul or fair.'
Then Death appeared, responsive to my prayer,
In his own aspect, grandly calm and wise,
With a strange light of knowledge in his eyes,
But kind and gracious—and he blest me there.
And from that day, as friend would walk with friend,
We walk the world together, he and I,
And oft he holds with me high colloquy;
So that the ways of life through which we wend
Are lit with fuller purpose, and the end
And final goal seems blent with the far sky.

Current Criticism

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.—As for another eminent Frenchman of letters, M. Victor Tissot, the author of the notorious and insulting book of travels in Germany which is nicknamed the 'Tissotiad,' a record of Tissot's ire, he has been insulted in Switzerland, and has spared the reporters trouble by telling the story himself. M. Tissot is a Switzer by birth, a native of Freiburg, which is one of those cantons where there is a mingling of races and tongues under a common polity. M. Tissot renounced this lukewarm nationality, was naturalized a Frenchman, and made himself one of the most prominent spokesmen of the rancor left in French minds by the war of 1870. A few days ago he paid a visit to his original fatherland, but, as he complains in a characteristic letter to the *Confédéré*, he was actually 'arrested by a Swiss policeman, in full uniform, with a gardener's knife buckled to his loins,' and was asked who he was, and required to show his papers. The eminent journalist was astounded. 'I remarked,' he complacently says, 'that if there is any one who does not know who I am, he has only to turn over the pages of the French, German, English, Italian, Spanish, etc., biographical lexicons, and he will quickly learn.' M. Tissot closes by saying that he is 'now engaged in writing a book upon Switzerland.' But, adds he, 'I am quite resigned, if M. le Préfet desires it, to be put betwixt two Freiburg policemen, with my hands manacled, and marched across the frontier.' M. Tissot's book on Switzerland will doubtless be lively; but it is evident that its tone will be much conditioned by the reply which the authorities at Freiburg give to his letter.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE ENGLISH CHARITABLE CLASS.—Reading the stories of Mr. Samuel Morley's many-sided liberality, we began to wonder, as we have wondered many times before, at the kind of catholicity which distinguishes English middle-class philanthropists. They seem to give to everything good, rather than to any cause; to find more pleasure in helping on everything they approve, than in carrying on any one work all by themselves. Within certain limits, everything they approve develops in them the wish to give, and so to become an active part of that good work or experiment. So general is this catholicity, that it greatly affects the organization of English charities, their active and experienced promoters relying for help not upon the public or upon individuals so much as upon a circle or group of families, who they perfectly well know will support any undertaking obviously beneficial. We once heard the secretary of

a great distributing organization, who had an exceptional experience in collecting money, say that the disappearance of two thousand families from this world would stop or suspend all charitable work throughout Great Britain; and though that might be an exaggeration, it is certain that in every great city, including London, certain families support the main burden of all charities, and not the general public.—*The Spectator*.

NOTHING SO CHEAP AS BOOKS.—We have heard a great deal, since Lord Brougham's time and the societies for the diffusion of knowledge, of the desirability of cheap literature for the masses. The Congressmen place cheapness above honesty in their sincere desire to raise the tone of the American people. There is no product that men use which is now so cheap as newspapers, periodicals, and books. For the price of a box of strawberries or a banana you can buy the immortal work of the greatest genius of all time in fiction, poetry, philosophy, or science. But we doubt if the class that were to be specially benefited by this reduction in price of intellectual food are much profited. Of course some avail themselves of things placed within their reach which they could not own formerly, but it remains true that people value and profit only by that which it costs some effort to obtain. We very much doubt if the mass of the people have as good habits of reading as they had when publications were dearer. Who is it who buy the five, ten, and twenty cent editions? Generally those who could afford to buy, and did buy, books at a fair price, to the remuneration of author and publisher. And their serious reading habit has gone down with the price.—C. D. Warner, in *Harper's Monthly*.

WHAT A BIBLIOGRAPHER MUST KNOW.—To succeed as a bibliographer a man must, besides a natural power of distinguishing, have an eye which comes to the work as a correct ear comes to the study of music; but he must also have a wide education, must know all the dead and most of the living languages; he must be enough of an artist to recognize an artist's touch; he must have an extensive knowledge of all kinds of books in different libraries; and, above all, his memory must be unerring. With these qualifications he may begin to learn water-marks, founts of type, lines in a page, and all the mysteries of early printing, paper-making, and binding. These are but the preliminaries of bibliography, and must be acquired apart altogether from any literary or critical study of books. If they can afterwards be combined, well and good; but at the beginning they are independent. The man who, like Hill Burton, can write pleasantly about old books is not to be trusted for scientific bibliography; and Dibdin, with his ignorance of things in general and his wretched style, is often after all a safer guide. But Oldys and Davies, who could combine knowledge and easy writing, published very little that will interest the bookworm. Cotton and Maitland are too dry, and hardly up to the latest lights. A book like the late Mr. Henry Stevens's '*Recollections of Mr. James Lenox*,' though it gives us little or no bibliographical instruction, is certainly well calculated to show us how to acquire it, and is very entertaining besides, as is so often the case when a writer is willing to tell stories against himself.—*The Saturday Review*.

Notes

'THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE,' by William Elliot Griffis, has reached a fifth edition, and is now on the press of the Messrs. Harper. It has a supplementary chapter, entitled 'Japan in 1866,' giving the record of progress, and an account of the political and social status of the Empire. 'The Mikado's Empire' and 'Corea, the Hermit Nation' are now part of the library of every United States war vessel in commission.

—It is said that Mr. D'Oyly Carte has definitely arranged with Mr. Whistler to pay his much-talked-of visit to America this winter. The artist is expected to arrive about the end of November, and to give his 'Ten o'Clock' in New York as soon as possible after his arrival. He will then visit the other large cities in the States.

—Mrs. Homer Martin's successful novel, 'Whom God Hath Joined,' appeared originally as a serial in *The Catholic World*. Its title was 'Katharine.'

—Recent numbers of the *Vossische Zeitung*, the largest and most esteemed daily journal in Berlin, have contained an admirable summary of the Life of William Lloyd Garrison, as given in the two volumes thus far published by The Century Co. It occupies nearly fourteen broad columns. The writer, Dr. Georg von Gizycki, is Professor of Philosophy and Ethics at the University of Berlin. His fourth article closes with these words: 'By the publication of this beautiful and carefully wrought biography, in which

persons and things are throughout allowed to speak for themselves, the sons of Garrison have rendered a great service.'

—In enumerating the works of the late John Esten Cooke last week, we neglected to mention 'My Lady Pokahontas,' published last year by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and favorably noticed in THE CRITIC of March 14th, 1885. Mr. Cooke's History of Virginia appeared in the American Commonwealths Series.

—Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day Vols. I. and II. of the new Riverside Edition of Longfellow's Poetical Works; a ninth edition of 'An Introduction to the Constitutional Law of the United States,' by John Norton Pomeroy, LL.D.; a new Little Classic Edition of Hawthorne's Works, in twenty-five volumes; Part II. of the 'Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin,' in the Riverside Literature Series; and 'Watch and Ward,' by Henry James, in the Riverside Pocket Series.

—Dr. Edward Eggleston, who recently returned from London, where he had been hard at work in the British Museum, prosecuting his researches in the colonial history of the United States, has gone West in the hope of benefiting his health.

—Mrs. Burnett's 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' is likely to meet with as much popular favor in book form as it did while running as a serial in *St. Nicholas*. The book was published on Thursday of last week, when an edition of ten thousand copies was exhausted. On the same day Messrs. Scribner published a new edition of Mrs. Dodge's 'Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates' from the plates that have heretofore only been used in the expensive edition. Mrs. Dodge's story is the best selling boy's book on their list, but they anticipate as good a sale for Mrs. Burnett's.

—'Behind Time' is the title of a story for children which George Parsons Lathrop is about to publish through Cassell & Co. It is said to belong to the same class of books as Lewis Carroll's 'Wonderland' stories, and is, we believe, Mr. Lathrop's first attempt at this sort of writing. The book is dedicated to the author's nieces, the children of Julian Hawthorne—Hildegard and Baby Imogen.

—Referring to the article in our last issue on 'Mr. McCarthy and his Fellow-Authors,' a correspondent writes:—'It is not generally remembered that William E. H. Lecky, whose "History of European Morals" appeared in 1869 and was translated into German in 1871, is an Irishman, born in Dublin in 1838 and graduated from Trinity College in 1859. He made his mark in 1865 with the "History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe," and may be considered the greatest living historian who writes in English from the standpoint of philosophy.'

—Mr. Coombes will soon publish 'The Lorgnette,' a series of illustrated society sketches by S. W. Van Schaik and J. K. Bangs.

—Frank H. Cushing, who has written much about the Zuni Indians, has three members of that tribe with him at his home in Massachusetts, where he is preparing a dictionary and grammar of the Zuni language. Mr. Cushing is himself a Zuni by adoption.

—Browning's poems and essays relative to Shelley are to be included in a volume published by the Shelley Society. There will be a portrait of Browning in the book, and a 'fore-talk' by Mr. Furnivall.—David Douglas has added Miss Baylor's 'On Both Sides,' and Mr. Howells's 'Minister's Charge' to his series of Edinburgh reprints of American books.

—Rev. E. J. Hardy is the author of the book 'How to be Happy Though Married.'—Prof. Botta's 'Dante,' published some years ago, is to be reissued by Messrs. Scribner under a new title—'An Introduction to the Study of Dante.'

—George MacDonald's books for the young will in future be published by Blackie & Son, who will soon bring out a new edition of 'At the Back of the North Wind,' which is out of print.—Miss Elizabeth Peabody, in spite of the infirmities of age, is preparing for the press a volume entitled 'A Last Evening with Allston, and Other Papers.'

—Macmillan & Co. will publish a jubilee edition of 'The Pickwick Papers,' edited by Mr. Charles Dickens, the younger, with many illustrations in the text; and also a miniature edition of Tennyson's works, in fourteen volumes.—Andrew Lang's forthcoming collection of short stories will be called 'In the Wrong Paradise.'

—The last corrected proof-sheet of the 'Annotated Catalogue of the Harris Collection of American Poetry' has been placed in the hands of the printer, and the work should have been completed by last Wednesday night. The binding will occupy about two weeks, and then the volume will be ready for those who want it. Already nearly fifty of the one hundred copies to which the quarto edition is strictly limited are engaged, and nearly one-third of the one thousand copies of the octavo edition. A few days since Dr. Stockbridge, the compiler of the Catalogue, received a note from

Messrs. Trübner, in which they requested to be allowed to control the sale of the volume in England, Europe and the Colonies. Their request has been granted.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1195.—Where can I obtain Cudworth's 'Intellectual System,' 3 vols., translated by Harrison, and printed for Thomas Tegg, Cheapside, London, 1840? No other edition will do.

BELTON, TEXAS.

W. M.

No. 1196.—In Speed's 'Letters and Poems of John Keats' (3 vols., Dodd, Mead & Co.), in a letter from Keats to his brother George (Mr. Speed's grandfather), who was living in the United States, the poet says: 'I cannot help thinking Audubon a dishonest man. Why did he make you believe that he was a man of property? How is it his circumstances have altered so suddenly?' This letter is dated 'Winchester, Sept., Friday, 1819.' In a foot-note the editor says: 'Audubon, the naturalist, sold to George Keats a boat loaded with merchandise, which at the time of the sale Audubon knew to be at the bottom of the Mississippi River.' Has this charge against the distinguished naturalist ever been refuted?

NEW YORK.

G. W. R.

No. 1197.—Will any one give me the title and imprint of a good history of the South American revolutions in the first quarter of the present century?

NEW YORK.

T. W. K.

No. 1198.—Can you tell me what town is referred to in Tennyson's 'Enoch Arden'?

HYDE PARK, MASS.

S. I. C.

No. 1199.—1. Will some one tell me who wrote the poem from which the following is extracted, and supply the missing words?

Despair is never quite despair—
Life or Death the future closes,
And round the shadowy brow of care
Will Hope and Fancy twine their roses.

2. Also, the whole sentence of which the following is a fragment: '... of him who treasures up a wrong.'

OAKLAND, CAL.

E. P. W.

Publications Received.

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.

Alcott, Louisa M. Jo's Boys. \$1.50.....	Boston: Roberts Brothers.
Ayer, N. W. & Son. American Newspaper Annual. \$3.....	Phila.: N. W. Ayer & Son.
Beale, Anne. Simplicity and Fascination. \$1.....	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Blaisdell, A. F. Study of the English Classics. \$1.00.....	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Blaisdell, A. F. The Child's Book of Health. 75c.....	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Buck, Dudley. The Light of Asia: A Cantata. 75c.....	Novello, Ewer & Co.
Burkhardt, C. A. Elite Engagement Calendar. \$1.50.....	E. P. Dutton & Co.
Child, F. J. Poems of Sorrow and Comfort. \$1.25.....	Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Church, A. J. Two Thousand Years Ago.	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Currier, Mrs. S. Thro' the Wilderness. \$1.25.....	T. Whittaker.
Frith, Henry. Under Bayard's Banner.	Cassell & Co.
Gilman, A. Short Stories from the Dictionary. 60c.....	Chicago: Inter-State Pub. Co.
Gosse, Edmund. Raleigh. 75c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Gould, S. B. Little Tu penny. 25c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Graham, J. W. Neera. A Tale of Ancient Rome. \$1.....	Macmillan & Co.
Guernsey, Lucy E. Thro' Unknown Ways. \$1.50.....	T. Whittaker.
Hall and Mansfield. Bibliography of Education. \$1.75.....	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Havergal, Cecilia. From Morn till Eve. 35c.....	T. Whittaker.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel. The Snow Image, and Other Twice-Told Tales. 50c.....	Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Hazlitt, W. C. Old Cookery Books. \$1.25.....	George J. Coombes.
Holbrook, M. L. How to Strengthen the Memory. \$1.....	M. L. Holbrook & Co.
Hopkins, L. P. Educational Psychology. 50c.....	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Hunt, Leigh. Autobiography. 50c.....	Harper & Brothers.
Johnson, Samuel. Lives of the English Poets. 10c.....	Cassell & Co.
Livermore, C. H. The Republic of New Haven. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University.	
Lodge, H. C. Works of Alexander Hamilton. Vol. VIII. \$5.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Lossing, B. J. The Two Spies. \$2.....	D. Appleton & Co.
MacLay, A. C. A Budget of Letters from Japan. \$2.....	A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Marean, E. E. Unity Clubs. 10c.....	Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Milton, Readings From. 75c.....	Boston: Chautauqua Press.
Muthland, Rosa. Marcella Grace. 25c.....	Harper & Bros.
Neff, E. C. History of the Neff Family in America. \$5.....	Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.
Paden, M. S. In Thoughts. 20c.....	Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Peck, S. M. Cap and Bells.	White, Stokes & Allen.
Roe, E. P. He Fell in Love with His Wife.....	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Roe, E. P. Nature's Serial Story.....	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Stephenson, F. B. Sydenham and Hahnemann.	N. Y. Medical Record.
Thaxter, Celia. The Cruise of the Mystery and other Poems. \$1.....	Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Trowbridge, J. T. The Little Master. \$1.25.....	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Tweed, B. F. Grammar for Common Schools.	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Warner, C. D. The Book of Eloquence. \$1.50.....	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Wilcox, Marion. Real People.....	White, Stokes & Allen.
Wright, W. B. Ancient Cities. \$1.25.....	Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.